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## IMPRESSIONABLENESS.

"Each man in his time plays many parts"—SHAKESPEARE.  
CHEMISTS tell us that, let any two metals be brought together, the one will affect the other electrically, that which is the less liable to mix with oxygen sending the fine fluid into that which is the more liable to do so. A phenomenon of the same kind is observable in the moral world, for no two persons are ever brought together, but the one who is the more strongly characterised in any way, invariably increases that particular kind of character in the other, as if he had actually communicated to that person some part of his own tendencies. Thus an extremely gay man makes others more gay; an extremely gloomy man makes others more gloomy;—and so on. At the same time, the extremely gay or extremely gloomy man becomes affected in some degree by those whom he affects; taking on a little gloom or a little gaiety in exchange, as it were, for that portion of the respectively opposite characteristics which he has imparted. The susceptibility, however, of being affected either in the first or second instance, depends very much on the fixedness or pliancy of the general nature of the parties. It is the class who may be called the *impressionable* that are most apt to be affected by a powerful characteristic in those with whom they are brought in contact. It is possible for such a person to have very much of some sort of character, and yet to be affected with the opposite by one who has not that opposite in great strength, but who is of a less yielding turn. To describe it in figures, gaiety as 20, with impressionableness as 10, may sink beneath gloom as 10, with fixedness and constancy of character as 20.

The unimpressionable man is readily to be recognised. Firmness and self-esteem predominate over his nature. In a dispute, he never thinks of yielding, for it never occurs to him that he can be wrong. His only and invariable object in argument is to get others to see the thing in the proper, namely, his own, light. He is a self-erected standard for every thing, and others are rational, or foolish, in proportion as they conform or do not conform to it. You wonder how he should have ever got any new ideas in the course of his lifetime; for, whenever you present one to him, different from those he already entertains, he challenges it as only one of your absurd fancies, evidently wishing you, like the Archbishop of Toledo, a better understanding. Nothing is to be done or gained with him, unless he gets all his own way. If he were the one dissentient man of a jury, he would expect all the rest, as a matter of course, to give up their opinions, and allow his to become the basis of the verdict. He would look upon them as extremely obstinate people, if they did not readily comply; the idea of his giving in to them being entirely out of the question. He considers himself, nevertheless, as a man very easily dealt with, and who would give no trouble whatever, if people would only not thwart him. If he differs much with mankind, and is rather misanthropical, it is entirely mankind's own blame. He would be the kindest person possible to mankind, if mankind would only do what they ought to do, think what they ought to think, and feel what they ought to feel—namely, what he does, thinks, and feels.

Such is the kind of man who, wherever he goes, maintains his own characteristics in all their ordinary force—continues serious amidst the frivolous, or frivolous amidst the serious—who would keep up his habitual smile in a field of battle, or not relax a wrinkle of his brow in the company of Aristophanes, or while reading (supposing he could do such a thing) the *Pickwick Papers*. If he is at all liable to be affected by the moods of those around him, it is only in some mi-

nute inappreciable degree, sufficient to maintain the law of the case—as a cherry-stone is allowed, in falling to the earth, to exercise also some power in drawing the earth to itself. *He* is the man to be conformed to, not to conform. Whoever, with less fixedness of character, comes into contact with him, is as irresistibly forced to take up his mood, and become the yielding recipient of his ideas, as (to resume our first image) the more oxidisable metal is to receive the galvanic communication from the less oxidisable.

This is, we believe, the philosophical explanation of those strange influences which some minds are noted to have exercised over others. It is but a larger endowment of firmness and self-esteem which has enabled some men to cause others to believe whatever they said, to follow them into all sorts of dangers, and to surrender the most important interests to them. It is the secret of that *fascination* which was supposed to be a product of magical power, or of drugs and philtres, and was sometimes said to reside in the *eyes* of those who possessed it. The less gifted with the above-mentioned elements of human character constitute the class whom we denominate the *Impressionable*.

The impressionable man readily yields, at least for the time, to the opinions of the less impressionable. He is ever apt to become a follower, or an instrument. He likes the shelter of authority for all things, and to have somebody in command above him. His life is a perpetual metamorphosis. In the presence of his superiors, he not only feels humble, but could almost imagine himself their lacquey. On the other hand, though not perhaps a man of high station, the presence of a decided inferior makes him feel for the moment very big. If you suppose him to be good, and let him know that you do, he is good. If you intimate a suspicion unfavourable to him, he becomes the thing you suspect. When he meets a grave and sober friend, he feels tacitly chidden for being rather too light and free in his mode of living. When he falls into the company of any light-hearted, sanguine, and convivial sort of person, he is disposed to look upon himself as rather a stiff sort of fellow. He may be a very benevolent man, and act as generously as he feels, but he will only be satisfied as to the duty he does to the poor and the afflicted when contemplating the less generous conduct of the generality of those who possess the same means: there will be some in whose presence he suspects himself to be a complete scrub. He is surprised to reflect how different is the strain of his discourse in different families, where he visits—how, in one, he finds himself constantly talking of bargains and gains; how, in another, his chat is all of balls and fêtes, "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" how, in a third, he does nothing but speak of the failings of his fellow-creatures; at one place, gay, at another serious; here all for prudence and pelf, there all for the enjoyment of the passing hour; alternately, a romantic enthusiast, a solemn pedant, a droll, a sagacious man of the world, a generous philanthropist, a censorious misanthrope—the real cause being, that he has much veneration for others, a humble opinion of himself, and no concentration or continuity of feeling, so that he becomes whatever others choose or chance to make him.

We have no preaching to deliver on these distinctions of human character. It might be easy to show that the impressionable are always in danger of being led into mischief, and that the unimpressionable are apt to suffer for their self-satisfiedness and obstinacy. We might beseech the impressionable to be not just so impressionable, and the unimpressionable to be a little less unimpressionable. But of what use would such commonplaces be? The thing is chiefly, if not

exclusively interesting, as an important point in the natural history of the human mind, and in the designs of providence. It plainly informs us of one valuable truth, that leaders and led, active and passive, commanding and obeying, ordering and serving, are natural institutions, instead of accidental circumstances, which they are sometimes thought to be. There are of course many evils arising from those arrangements in human society, but, we suspect, only because they have never yet been formed on just and rational principles. It is to be hoped that these evils will be much diminished, as mankind become more enlightened; but even in the mean time they are as nothing compared with those which would instantly arise, if the general provision which leads to them were withdrawn, for then no great or good quality would obtain the least reverence, and the social fabric would be dissolved into its rude elements. It is the sense of different values in ourselves and others which alone at present produces or maintains any arrangement in society; and for the sake of so great a good we may well bear with a few troubles springing out of it, and which the improving sense and humanity of the race tend constantly to make less.

## THE DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

THE existing generation is little aware, that, amidst the present tameness and tranquillity of human affairs all over the earth, there is enacting, in one obscure part of it, a political drama as romantic and every way remarkable, on its own narrow scale, as any of the wondrous doings which took their rise from the French Revolution. It is even questionable if Napoleon, except for the greatness of the theatre in which he moved, was a more remarkable hero than Jose Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, the dictator of the little South American state of Paraguay.

This state, as many are aware, occupies a central situation in the lower portion of the South American continent, being surrounded by Brazil, Bolivia, La Plata, and Buenos Ayres. Judging roughly, it is about as large as Denmark, and is a fertile and beautiful country; but the population is comparatively small, being estimated by some as low as two hundred thousand, though others make it nearly half a million. In 1811, it followed the example of the other Spanish provinces in South America, by deposing the governor, and declaring itself a free republic, when a new government was constituted under a junta, composed of a president, two assessors, and a secretary. It was soon found that the people—a race of mingled Spanish and Indian blood, totally unenlightened, and possessed by nature of not the tamest of tempers—were unfit for popular institutions, and for some time the greatest confusion prevailed. The first person who manifested any power of controlling the agitated elements of Paraguayan society, was the individual who officiated in the junta as secretary.

This was the Francia above mentioned. He was the son of a Frenchman who had settled in Paraguay, where he was born in the year 1757. Destined for the church, he had proceeded so far in the appropriate education, as to become a doctor of theology, but, in the course of his study of the canon law, a latent taste for jurisprudence was awakened in him, and he ultimately became a barrister before his native courts. Here he was distinguished by singular disinterestedness and generosity of disposition, not less than by ability and integrity. Moderate in his wants—reserved in his habits—studious—free from vulgar vices—he acquired a high character among his countrymen, and at an early period of life became a member of the *cabildo* or municipality of the city of Assumption, and

an *alcalde* or judge, in which capacities he displayed the greatest uprightness, decision, and independence. It is indeed more than likely that, but for the occurrence of a political crisis, this extraordinary man might have passed his life in the enjoyment of the highest reputation as a private member of society. He is not the first example of a heart corrupted by temptations to ambition and the possession of undue power.

The junta, of which Don Fulgencio de Yegros was president, continued to form the government for two years. Francia, the only member of it who possessed abilities, information, or a love of business, was in fact the sole administrator of affairs; the others chiefly spending their time in country sports. Whenever it happened that they interfered to thwart his will, he had only to intimate his intention of retiring, in order to make them give way. It could not be expected that Francia should long submit to a subordinate situation under such circumstances. In 1813, a convention was called to take into consideration the state of affairs. Ignorant of history and of political science, they chanced to possess a copy of Rollin's well-known work, into which they looked for a constitution, as they would have looked into a dictionary for a word. Their fancy was caught by the consular government of Rome, and they resolved to appoint Yegros and Francia as the two consuls of Paraguay. Two curule chairs were provided for these officers, one inscribed *Pompey*, and the other *Cæsar*; and Francia, taking possession of the latter, indicated to all except the unlettered Paraguayan that he should not long be a half ruler. At the end of the first year of the consulate, when the convention again met, he found it no difficult task, by reference to their favourite author Rollin, to convince them that the country was now in one of those critical situations which induced the Romans to entrust the state to a dictator; and he was accordingly elected to that dignity for a term of three years, Yegros vainly attempting to resist the measure.

With the title of "Excellency," and a salary of 3000 dollars—of which, however, he gave back two-thirds, under the pretence that the state had more need of money than himself—he now took possession of the house which had formerly been occupied by the Spanish governor—a step analogous to that of his prototype Napoleon, in removing to the Luxembourg. He became still more austere in his habits—more studious—more thoroughly devoted to business. His attention was particularly directed to the improvement of his little army of about 5000 men; and so eager was he to obtain the reputation of an entire devotion to the good of his country, that, to improve the system of medicine, which had fallen into a low state in Paraguay, he submitted to have experiments tried on his own person. The government was conducted with remarkable energy, and before the expiration of the three years, he had so completely consolidated his power, as to obtain from the convention (1817) a decree constituting him Dictator for life.

From this time Dr Francia has reigned without control in Paraguay, having the legislative and executive combined in his single person, with the full right which the ancient Roman dictators possessed to dispose of the lives and fortunes of his people according to his pleasure. Soon after his last appointment, he ceased to show any anxiety to cultivate the good will of his subjects. He declared the race of Spaniards to be politically extinct, and interdicted them from marrying white women. Conspiracies were consequently formed against him: he was informed of them before they were matured, and he astounded the Spaniards by an order to appear within three hours before his palace. About three hundred came, and were led into a miserable prison, where several, including the deposed governor, died wretchedly, and from which the rest were not liberated till they had paid a collective fine of 150,000 dollars. He likewise suppressed the Catholic church, and all convents and dignitaries, appointing one vicar-general, a creature of his own, to administer the religious affairs of the people. But his most extraordinary measure was to close up the country against all foreign intercourse, forbidding any one either to enter or leave his territories; his object being, it is said, to prevent the people from being infected with any ideas from without, by which they might be tempted to rebel against his authority. Hence commerce was completely brought to a stand, and much distress unavoidably occasioned, but not without some counter-balancing advantage in the stimulus which was given to the production of all eatable and wearable articles within the province. When the order for non-intercourse was issued, there were about forty foreigners, chiefly merchants, at Assumption: they were detained there for several years, and only libe-

rated when Mr Canning acknowledged the independence of the South American states. Two Swiss naturalists, Regner and Longchamps, and the eminent M. Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt, who had entered the country in pursuit of scientific objects, were likewise detained for a number of years.

The ancient municipalities, and all other vestiges of free institutions, are banished from Paraguay; and the law is administered by a few *alcaldes*, removable, of course, at the pleasure of the despot. Francia, indeed, manages every thing, with the assistance of only a few officers or creatures of his own. He plans roads and bridges, commands and organises the army, conducts the revenues, and thinks no details too mean for his attention. He does not encourage public instruction, but neither does he impede it: children learn only the catechism, and that by an involuntary Lancasterian mode, the elder children being compelled, for lack of teachers, to instruct the younger. His authority was supported, during its earlier years, only by exercising great cruelty towards all who were not friendly to it; but when at length his arbitrary proceedings had demolished the strength of the middle and upper ranks, and fairly broke the spirit of the people, he began in some small degree to relent, and he was sometimes heard to say that possibly, in the course of time, a little liberty might be extended to the Paraguayan. Executions merely for the support of his power now ceased, and he began to receive with coldness the tales brought to him by spies and informers. Yet he still finds it necessary to act and move with the greatest caution for fear of assassination. The following is an abridged account of some of his habits and peculiarities.

Francia is perhaps not quite a sane man. His father is known to have been a person of great eccentricity; he had a brother a lunatic, and a sister who was many years deranged; and he himself is subject to occasional fits of hypochondria, bordering on madness. During these times, he shuts himself closely up in his palace, vents his ill humour on all around him, and only takes pleasure in ordering executions. On one occasion, being irritated by the approach of an old woman to his closet window, he ordered his sentinels to fire at any one who should presume even to look at his palace. For a fortnight, all who passed took care to avert their eyes; but at length a poor Indian, unacquainted with the order, stopped to gaze at the building, and was fired upon, but missed. The Dictator, brought out by the report, no sooner learned what was the matter, than he revoked the order, pretending to have forgot that he ever gave it. It affords a curious idea of his feelings, that, when a culprit is to be shot, he gives out the cartridges himself, allowing only three soldiers to officiate, so that the bayonet has sometimes to be called in to aid the effect of the bullets. Of such scenes he is usually a witness from his palace windows. He has no confidant, no favourite, no friend. The only person he is said to have ever shown any attachment to, was a sister who had charge of his country-house. One of his first acts after becoming Dictator was to dismiss two nephews he had in the army, merely from a fear lest they should presume upon the relationship. One of them was afterwards confined in irons for four years, for having struck a man who had offended him at a ball, and the other passed a year in the public prison, for having employed one of the military band in a serenade which he gave his mistress. The Dictator has for many years taken no part in public worship; he seizes, on the contrary, every opportunity of showing his dislike and contempt for the religious observances of his subjects. On a commandant asking him for the image of a saint, that he might place a newly constructed fortress under its protection, he exclaimed, "Oh! Paraguayans, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic, I believed as you do; but now I know that bullets are the best saints you can have on the frontiers." However ruthless and austere, he has at least the merit of Robespierre, that of wishing to make no money by his power: he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear. There is a mixture of imperial state with republican simplicity in his ordinary mode of life. He had at first a body-guard of a hundred men, the tallest and handsomest that could be found; and a small escort of this corps used to ride out with him when he took exercise, for the purpose of driving away all who might be upon or near the way. A curious anecdote is told of his treatment of a commander of the guard, who was very vain of his person, and appeared in something new every day. The Dictator, at length disgusted with his frivolity, went up to him one day on parade, and complimented him on a gay new jacket, which, however, he said would look much better if the wearer would take off the garment which he wore on the lower part of his person. The poor dandy was actually obliged to strip off this garment, and walk along the ranks *sans culottes*, while the Dictator went behind, passing ironical compliments on his appearance, and calling on the soldiers to admire him—after which he was dismissed the service. The body-guard was subsequently dissolved, and he has since been content with the protection afforded by detachments of the army. He lives with four slaves—a negro, one male, and two female mulattoes—whom he is said to treat with great mildness. "The first rays of the sun rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings the chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. The Dictator then prepares with his own hand his *maté* or Paraguayan

tea. Having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, with whom the Dictator chats if he is in good humour; this barber may be said to be his Official Gazette. He then puts on his dressing-gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers of the army and other functionaries come to make their reports and receive his orders. From eleven till twelve he dictates to his secretaries, when all the officers retire, and Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself. When the cook returns from market, she deposits the provisions at the door of her master's closet. The doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta*. On awakening, he drinks his *maté*, and smokes a cigar. From this time until four or five, he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters, and dresses his hair while his horse is saddling. During his ride, he inspects the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study until nine, when he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watch-word. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself.

For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barracks, which are outside the city, about a league from his usual residence: but then his manner of living is the same, except that he sometimes indulges in the pleasures of the chase. In the apartment that he occupies, there are always arms within his reach; pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him, and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette prescribed at his audiences. The person admitted must not approach nearer to the Dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance; and even then, he must always stop at a distance of three steps. The officers even, are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. At the commencement of a conversation he strives to intimidate; but if his first attack be met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes by conversing very agreeably, that is, when he is in a good humour." The Swiss travellers who were detained by him so many years, describe him as "a man of middle stature with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterise the Creoles in South America. He has a most penetrating look, blended with a strong expression of distrust. He wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue-laced coat (the uniform of a Spanish general), waistcoat, breeches, and stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. The Dictator was then (1819) sixty-two years old, though he did not appear to be more than fifty. He asked me (says Regner) with a studied haughtiness of manner, several questions, by which he sought to intimidate me, but failing in his attempt, he soon changed his tone. Having opened my portfolio to take out some papers which I had to present to him, he perceived a portrait of Napoleon, which I, knowing his admiration for the original, had designedly placed there. He took it up, and examined it with great interest, when I told him whose likeness it was. He then began conversing familiarly upon the affairs of Europe, with which he seemed to be better acquainted than I could have supposed. He asked me for news from Spain, for which country he expressed the most profound contempt. Louis XVIII.'s charter was not to his taste; he admired much more the military government of Napoleon; but the principal subject on which he talked was the monks, of whom he entertained a very bad opinion; he indulged even in contemptuous remarks on the Pope —." He showed the travellers his library, the only one in Paraguay; it was small, but well selected. There were, together with the best Spanish authors, the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, La Place, &c. He possessed also some mathematical instruments, globes, and maps. The ignorant Paraguayans, seeing him occupied with the celestial globes, imagined him an astrologer reading the stars."

Such is Dr Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, perhaps the most absolute ruler existing at this time in the world. The wonder in his case is, not that he attained the dictatorship, but that he has retained it so long. In ancient times, the Romans created a dictator only in some particular exigency of the state, when they

\* The work published by the Swiss travellers, after their return, is the only one by which any information respecting the recent history of Paraguay has been communicated to European society. The writer of the above paper has derived his materials, not from the original work, which he has had no opportunity of seeing, but from an interesting series of articles which have lately appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*. The passages within inverted commas are in the language of the latter work.

had no hope of its salvation but in some powerful-minded and greatly popular individual. But Francia has now exercised this function for twenty-four years, notwithstanding every attempt at his dethronement. Although his career has been marked by great severities, it has not been without its beneficial results. He has promoted agriculture, originated many useful public works, rebuilt and embellished the capital, created an army, subdued the Indians, and procured respect and tranquillity for his people. It is also not impossible, that, under any other kind of rule, Paraguay might have undergone greater disasters, and witnessed much more bloodshed.

#### THE GARDENER OF SIDON, A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

THE soft light of the westerly sun lay upon a small but beautiful garden of the East, where a young man was busy tying up to the wall a pomegranate tree, that had been bent down by an over abundance of fruit.

"Abdeleminus!" said a low whispering voice from behind, scarcely breaking the silence that hung over the scene. No answer was made, though the music of the accents might have moved a stone to reply.

"Abdeleminus!" was once more repeated in the same musical tones, with which, however, there blended on this occasion the very slightest degree of impatience, as if a gentle pout was at the moment on the lips of the speaker. The young man now hastily turned his head from the wall, and, stepping forward, exclaimed, "Zillah!" while a glow of pleasure suffused his fine sun-embrowned features. But the expression was momentary; the youth looked anxiously around, and then cast his eyes on the ground. "Well," said the melodious voice again, "is this all thou hast to say, Abdeleminus, to thy poor kinswoman, who has stolen away for a moment to come and see thee?"

"Wert thou my poor kinswoman, Zillah," was the youth's reply, "no more welcome sight than thee could my eyes ever behold. But it is I who am the poor relative. Thou art a flourishing branch of the royal tree of Sidon—I a seed borne away and planted in a harsh and barren soil. I fear danger to thee, Zillah, from these visits." "Paha! silly, frightened man," said the person thus addressed; "thou knowest that Strato is too busy with his royal feastings, to care about the motions of his humble cousin. Besides, look here!"

Abdeleminus raised his eyes from the ground. The form which had intruded on his quiet labours was that of a very young and lovely girl, whose sylph-like proportions were but half concealed by a purple mantle, of a texture extremely plain, when compared with the rich under-dress which it now permitted to be seen beneath. "Look here, Abdeleminus," repeated Zillah gaily, as, shaking down her glistening jet-black tresses, until they almost hid every part of her countenance, and, wrapping her mantle at the same time tightly around her, she tripped backwards and forwards once or twice before him. "This is the way I walk along," said she, as she stopped, and shot a laughing glance from behind the night of tresses that nearly veiled her large dark eyes; "now, would you know me thus, Abdeleminus?" "Ah! Zillah," answered the youth, "that would be a close disguise, indeed, which could conceal thee from one whose beating heart ever tells thy presence without the aid of vision."

"Well, now," cried Zillah, "that is gallantly said. That is spoken like a—like a—kind kinsman—" "Like a fond lover—and a foolish one, dearest Zillah," said Abdeleminus, interrupting her. "Alas! why should we encourage hopes that never can be gratified? The heavens have so ordered it that our union cannot be. Let us be content, beloved, and bow dutifully to their award."

"But I am not content, Abdeleminus, and I cannot be content," exclaimed the maiden, with child-like simplicity, and with a slight degree of impatience at the resignation of her lover; "and I wonder you can think of being content, if you love me as well as I—believe you to do." Zillah blushed and hesitated in closing this speech—why, it would be difficult precisely to say. Abdeleminus smiled sadly. "Thou knowest well, Zillah," said he, "that my true descent is known but to thee, who were brought up with me, and to those two generous brothers who saved and concealed me. Were it known to King Strato that I still live, and in his own capital of Sidon, I should meet that same fate which he and his advisers inflicted on every other male of his house, ay, and on many of its females too, though he spared and nourished thee. As a scion of the royal family of Sidon, I could not come forward to seek thy hand; and to do so as a humble gardener, would be utter folly. But think me not selfish. Were it possible for me to be united to thee as I am, could I bring thee from a palace to such a cot as mine?" "I should be but too happy here, Abdeleminus," replied the maiden, pensively. "But, alas! you speak but what is true, and what I often tell to myself. Yet hope always steps in, and again I

only think of thee as my kinsman and equal. And I will still hope," continued she, her light-hearted gaiety returning in some degree; "I will still hope, for I should be miserable if I thought there was to be no end to our unhappiness."

Alexander the Great drew nigh to the famous city of Sidon, the mother of Tyre, and only second to it at that period in commercial and maritime greatness. The Sidonians had long paid tribute to Persia, the ruling power of Asia; but they did so reluctantly, having received some very harsh treatment from the Persian kings. Therefore, when Alexander, after conquering the neighbouring provinces, approached to their city, the Sidonians, in spite of their king's declaration for the Persians, sent to offer their allegiance, and to request the honour of a visit to Sidon. The offer was graciously accepted, and the petition acceded to. Fearing the issue, Strato, the Sidonian king, deserted his throne to save his life, and fled to Tyre.

When Alexander approached the walls of Sidon, the city had put on her best array to receive him. Before he came in sight, the walls and houses were crowded with people, attired in their holiday garments of "purple and fine linen," for the manufacture of which they were famous, and the very meanest of them glittered with the glass ornaments, which they also made in perfection. Two brothers, Pollion and Dycos, descended from one of the first families in the city, were appointed to deliver the keys to Alexander. The army came in view, and as they drew up to the walls, the troops parted, to permit their great leader to pass through the lines to the city. The hero was seated in a splendid chariot, ornamented with golden images of the gods, numberless jewels, and two large statues of Peace and War. This was a part of the Persian king's spoils. Alexander wore a comparatively plain suit of armour, and on his head was placed his celebrated battle helmet, overshadowed by a plume of feathers, and decorated with two long wings of dazzling whiteness. He was followed by his great captains, many of them more richly attired than he.

Alexander reached the city gates: charmed with his noble air and youthful appearance, the multitude rent the air with their shouts. Silence, however, was instantly restored, when the brothers Pollion and Dycos stepped forward to present the keys of the city. "Illustrious monarch," said the elder of them, kneeling by the chariot side, "the people of Sidon, by my hands, lay the keys of their city at your feet. Sidon, its throne, and all that it contains, are yours." Alexander made a gracious reply to this brief address. Holding in his hand the keys which had been delivered to him, the king then leaned back in his chariot, and exclaimed, "Hephestion!" A tall youth, of extreme beauty, made his horse bound to the chariot side at the word. "Hephestion," said the monarch, addressing his favourite in an under voice, and with an affectionate smile, "I am weary of filling thrones. Take thou the keys of this city, and give the government to whomsoever may appear to thee most deserving of it, and best fitted to make the people happy." "Sire, the command shall be obeyed," was the favourite's reply, "though Hephestion's discrimination will but ill supply the place of him who never errs." Alexander then turned to the brothers Pollion and Dycos, and said, "With you, deputies of Sidon, will Hephestion consult for the good of the city, and from Alexander's friend ye shall receive the same grace and justice as from Alexander himself." After these closing words, the magnificent cavalcade began again to move through the streets of Sidon, and the heroic monarch are long reached the deserted palace of Strato, where he took up his abode for a time.

Hephestion sat with Pollion and Dycos, who had treated him to make their house his abode. "Noble brothers," said the friend of Alexander, "in all that ye have said to me relative to this great city and its government, ye have yet asked nothing for yourselves." The elder of the brothers replied, "We ask nothing, because we need nothing." "Then to you," said Hephestion, "I, as the instrument of my royal master, commit the throne of Sidon. Fill it jointly, or singly, as it may seem most fit to yourselves; and this award shall be ratified by the power of Alexander."

Seldom has the offer of a sceptre been refused, particularly by those in the prime of life and strength. Yet it was so in the case of these virtuous brothers. They told Hephestion that they were natives of Sidon, and would obey its laws; one of which bore, that the throne was to be filled only by persons of the blood royal. Admiring this greatness of soul, the favourite exclaimed, "Continue in this way of thinking—you who are sensible that it is much more glorious to refuse crown than to accept it." Hephestion then consulted with them relative to the disposition of the crown, since they themselves could not conscientiously take it. What was the issue of this conference, will be immediately seen.

Abdeleminus pursued his labours quietly in his garden, ignorant or heedless of the stir caused by Alexander's arrival in Sidon, and little suspicious of the influence which that event was about to exert on his own fortunes. He thought only of his trees—and Zillah; for, philosophically as he could preach resignation to the latter, he found it very difficult to wear his own mind from hopes in which she was concerned. He was engaged in weeding his favourite plants, when the brothers Pollion and Dycos entered his garden.

Abdeleminus knew them well, for by them it was that he had been saved from the general massacre of the royal family by Strato. He was, therefore, about to embrace and welcome Pollion and Dycos, when to his utter surprise the two brothers dropped on their knees, and exclaimed, "Life and health to Abdeleminus, king of Sidon!"

Before Abdeleminus could recover from his amaze, Pollion held forth a royal dress which he bore, and said, "You must change your mean attire for these regal robes. Assume the sentiments of a prince; but preserve the virtue which has made you worthy to be one." Abdeleminus now found voice to exclaim, "Why mock me in this manner?" "We mock not!" exclaimed the brothers; "Abdeleminus, you are king in Sidon!" Finding him still distrustful, they carried him almost by force into his cottage, washed him, and attired him in a sumptuous purple robe, embroidered with gold. They then led him towards the palace, in order to present him to Alexander. Before they reached it, the news had spread, and multitudes accompanied the newly elected king on his way, hailing his accession with loud acclamations. Seeing the reality of the statement made by the brothers, the mind of Abdeleminus gradually assumed its usual calmness, and he stood before Alexander with a collected air and mien. The Macedonian king gazed for a time upon Abdeleminus, and then said, "Thy appearance does not contradict what is related of thy extraction, but I should be glad to know with what frame of mind thou borest poverty." "Would to heaven," replied Abdeleminus, "that I may bear this crown with equal patience. These hands supplied all my wants; and whilst I possessed nothing, I wanted nothing." Alexander was so pleased with the reply, that he declared Sidon to be too small a kingdom for one who was so fitted to govern, and added to it one of the neighbouring provinces.

Abdeleminus was now seated on a throne; but where was his poor Zillah to share it? All the inquiries made by the new king could not discover this. The departure of Strato had driven Zillah from the palace, in retired apartments of which she had ever lived, and she had not been seen since. The anxiety of Abdeleminus was most keen and painful on this subject. His attention, however, was somewhat diverted from his private griefs, by his being called upon, some months after his elevation, to assist in the siege of Tyre, which city Alexander had gone to punish for its refusal to acknowledge his power. Abdeleminus carried a number of war-galleys to Tyre for this purpose, and materially contributed to Alexander's success in taking the city. The obstinacy of the Tyrian defence prompted the besiegers to deplorable ravages when the city fell. Mindful of the relationship between the people of Tyre and Sidon, Abdeleminus exerted himself to save a remnant of the Tyrians. He conveyed many thousands of them, some wounded and dying, on board his galleys, knowing well that Alexander, who was never cruel, would not regret the escape of some of the unhappy citizens from destruction.

On the evening following that which witnessed the fall of Tyre, when Abdeleminus had filled his own vessel with those he had saved, he walked privately among them himself, to see their wants properly cared for. One of the men brought on board in a severely wounded state, arrested forcibly his attention by the murmured exclamation, "Must a king die thus?" "Who art thou, poor man," said Abdeleminus, "that callest thyself a king?" The wounded person, who, as far as Abdeleminus could see in the imperfect light, was dressed in a common way, replied with the preevishness of suffering impatiently borne, "Who art thou that askest me?" "I am the commander of this vessel," said Abdeleminus, "and will provide every comfort for thee." "I have but one thing to ask," said the wounded man; "and if this be granted, I will indeed bless thee. Save and protect my boy." "Where is he?" was the question which followed. "He was separated from me as we were lately carried on board; and if my failing eyes did not deceive me, I saw him taken on board the galley nearest to this."

Abdeleminus made the man describe the boy, and then sent a boat immediately to bring him. Wishing at the same time to learn a king's history without being known to be a king, Abdeleminus continued to sit in the dusky light by the side of the wounded man's bed. But the latter seemed too anxious for the coming of the boy to speak at that moment. After a short interval, the boy, a slender lad of fifteen seemingly, was brought to the vessel, and the wounded man thanked heaven for his safety. "Now will I repeat my brief history," said the man, addressing Abdeleminus, "in the hope that you may be induced to protect this boy. Though you seem not to know me thus, I was a king—the king of Sidon; nor was Strato among the least powerful of the princes of Asia. But I was forced to fly from my throne, and seek refuge in Tyre, which was inimical to my own foe, Alexander. The Tyrians, however, had formerly a grudge at me, and I was compelled to enter their service as a common soldier. Being wounded at the very outset I might have perished but for the attentions of this boy, who, though a stranger, attached himself warmly to me on my flight to Tyre, and has never since left me. Tyre fell, and the Sidonians bore me hither, not knowing in the wasted and maimed being before them their former king." The narrator paused for a moment, as if from exhaustion, and resumed—"Shut up

\* The remarkable incident which forms the basis of this romantic tale, is well known to the readers of Greek History.

in Tyre, I heard of nothing that passed without, and it was but on my way hither that I heard of the elevation to the throne of Sidon of one of our house, whose existence—happily, perhaps, for him—I knew not of. Happier than mine be the reign of Abdelerminus!—Poor child! art thou wounded, or what aileth thee?" These words were addressed to the boy, but no answer was given, and Strato continued—"Would that my successor were here, that my dying lips might counsel him to avoid the errors of which I now deeply repent me!"

The heart of Abdelerminus was moved. He stepped forward, and exclaimed, "Thou hast thy wish, Strato—Abdelerminus is before thee!" A cry of surprise burst both from the lips of Strato and of the boy, and in a few moments Abdelerminus was astonished to find the arms of the boy winding around his neck, while at the same time the youth's head fell upon his shoulder, and sobs came so thick as to impede utterance. The boy clung to him like a shipwrecked mariner to a rock. Under that embrace—that pressure—the heart of Abdelerminus began to pant. He was about to pronounce a name, when—

"Abdelerminus!" was whispered in his ear, in accents of sweet and well-known music.

"Abdelerminus!" said the voice again, lingering upon the syllables with fond tenderness, which made melody more melodious. "Zillah!" was the reply, "have I found thee, my beloved Zillah!"

With nearly these words this story began, and with these it ends. Being resolved not to desert Strato in his adversity, Zillah had put on a boy's dress for personal safety, and followed him, who, whatever he had been to others, had kindly nurtured her. Strato died on the day following the scene described; and several months after this period, queen Zillah stood by her husband's throne in Sidon.

#### POPULAR SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

##### PIGEONS.

PIGEONS abound over nearly the whole earth, and in an incalculable number of varieties. Cuvier assigns this genus of birds to the order Gallinaceæ, to which also belong our common domestic fowls, pheasants, partridges, and other creatures of that description; but it is evident that pigeons, while showing certain characteristics of this order, make an approach to the comparatively light and graceful character of the Passerine, the order which embraces most of our familiar field birds. Whether under the name of pigeons or doves, these birds are uniformly quiet and harmless in their nature. They live almost exclusively on fruits, berries, seeds, and grains, and very seldom consume insects or snails, or other animal food. In their mode of living together, they are understood to be strict monogamists, each attaching itself to a single mate, and adhering to it alone; but to this there are exceptions, as we happen to have witnessed amongst the domesticated species, in all of whom the bond of attachment is very slight. The female seldom lays more than two eggs, and it is remarkable that they almost invariably produce a male and a female.

Nature has assigned to pigeons an important office in the economy of creation. Their stomachs do not digest the seeds of certain fruits, and these seeds being voided in the course of the animal's flight, trees are thus disseminated and planted in situations which could never otherwise be reached by the parent vegetables. The power of flight which pigeons generally possess, seems to be only a feature in the animal's character subordinate to this beautiful and providential design. The idea has generally been entertained by naturalists, that the different varieties of pigeons may be traced to five typical forms, from one of which, the stock-dove, all our various races of domestic pigeons are derived. This idea, however, is quite empirical, and about as ridiculous as that all the varieties of dogs are traceable to the shepherd's dog, or to the wolf. Nature must not be nailed down to a system in this fashion. She could have originated fifty or five hundred families of pigeons as easily as she could have done one or five.

With a general resemblance of character, pigeons differ very materially in external appearance, both in respect of shape and colour of plumage. In all countries of the temperate zones they resemble the common house pigeons of Britain, and are of a greyish or bluish tinge of feather. In the warm countries within the tropics, they shine forth with all the brilliancy of plumage of parrots and other gay-feathered animals. The *vinago aromatico*, as one of the Indian varieties of pigeons is called, is a beautiful creature with bright light-green feathers from the breast to the tail, with a darkish-coloured back, and wings striped with yellow and brown. The *ptilinopus purpuratus*, a variety found in India and Australia, is still more of a bright

green all over, here and there patched with bits of a golden hue, and having a light purple crest. Green, light blue, white, and cream colour, seem to be the predominating tints of the other varieties. The *turtur risorius*, which is the pigeon referred to in the Scriptures, under the name of the turtle dove, is of a cream colour, lighter on the breast than on the back, with a stripe of green round the neck, and eyes of a red hue. The most beautiful and handsome shaped pigeon is the *turtur lophotes*, a native of Australia. This elegant bird is of a very light grey colour on the head and breast, brown along the back, wings with green, red, brown, and cream-coloured feathers, and tail black, except round the edges, which are white; from the back of the head grows a long slender tuft pointed gracefully upward, and giving the animal an appearance somewhat like the tufted cockatoo.

The cooing sound made by most descriptions of pigeons is soft and pleasing to the ear, and harmonises with the solitudes of the forest, or with rural life. Mr Audubon, in his valuable work, the American Ornithology, relates an anecdote illustrative of the deep impressions liable to be made on the mind from hearing the cooing of the Zenaida dove, a pigeon which frequents the keys or small islands in the Gulf of Florida. "The cooing of the Zenaida dove is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, 'What bird is that?' A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known key, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him, with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was (although I believe by force) with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to family deplored his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws, and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends."

The American continent is famed for the prodigious number of its pigeons, the vast extent of forest affording them at once a place of safe resort and an abundance of food for their subsistence. Audubon describes the habits and geographical distribution of six varieties of pigeons which frequent the United States. At the head of this list is the Passenger pigeon, of which many interesting particulars have already been given in the present work. The others are the Carolina dove, the Ground dove, the White-headed pigeon, the Zenaida dove, and the Key West pigeon. The Passenger pigeon possesses, as is well known, an extraordinary power of flight, and this is seconded by a great power of vision. Though flying high and swiftly, they can inspect the country below them with facility, and easily perceive the food they are in quest of. In Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, the largest flocks of these wild pigeons are seen. "These fertile and extensive regions (says Wilson in his Ornithology) abound with the nutritious beech nuts, which constitute the chief food of the wild pigeon. In seasons when these nuts are abundant, corresponding multitudes of pigeons may be confidently expected. It sometimes happens, that having consumed the whole produce of the beech trees in an extensive district, they discover another at the distance perhaps of sixty or eighty miles, to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day or in the evening, to their place of general rendezvous, or, as it is usually called, the *roosting-place*. These roosting-places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their refuse; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewn with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarce a single vegetable had made its appearance."

When these roosts are first discovered, the inhabitants from considerable distances visit them in the night with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks, and load their horses with them. By the Indians, a pigeon-root, or breeding-place, is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for that season, and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion. The *breeding-place* differs from the former in its greater extent. In the western countries above mentioned, these are generally in the beech woods, and often ex-

tend in nearly a straight line across the country for an immense way. Not far from Shelbyville, in the state of Kentucky, about five years ago, there was one of these breeding-places, which stretched through the woods in nearly a north and south direction, was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in length. The pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether, with their young, before the 25th of May.

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils—many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families—and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles, were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upwards to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber, for now the axemen were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner, that in their descent they might bring down several others, by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing one young bird only, a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitude above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves."

Having, in a former article (in No. 229), described the qualities of the Carrier pigeon, we need do no more than here advert to it as one of the most remarkable of the European varieties of the animal, which is now, however, seldom seen or cultivated, in consequence of the improved means of communication which exist in society. Of the common domesticated pigeon there are now innumerable breeds, all less or more differing from each other, and known by the name of fancy pigeons. The eastern suburbs of London, we believe, is the chief seat of this extravagant fancy-pigeon cultivation, which has been reduced to a regular branch of science as that of crossing the breeds of horses, sheep, or oxen. The individuals who there carry on the trade of pigeon rearing and dealing, are able, by their skill and experience, to produce an animal coloured exactly to a feather. Certain forms, qualities, and colours of birds, are accordingly esteemed, while the smallest departure from the established fashion in any of these points renders the pigeons valueless to the fancier. Inasmuch as a single streak of yellow, though only the thickness of a hair, in a certain kind of tulip, will reduce its price from twenty guineas to half-a-crown, so will a single improperly coloured feather in the tail of a particular kind of pigeon lower its value in the same proportion. The leading varieties of fancy pigeons are known by the names of the English pouter, the Dutch cropper, the horseman, the unloper, the dragoon, the tumbler, the Leghorn and Spanish runt, the trumpeter, the nun, the fan-tail, and the capuchin. The peculiarities of some of these breeds are very odd. The tumbler, for instance, derives its name from a practice of tumbling in the air while on the wing. Instead of pursuing a steady straightforward flight, it turns over, or casts somersets backward, whirling round heels over head as expertly as a first-rate rope-dancer does when he makes the back spring. The fan-tail derives its name from the circumstance of its having a remarkably broad tail, which it has the power of spreading out like the tail of a turkey-cock. The prime quality of the bird consists in its ability to make its tail touch its head, and surround it with a wide glory of feathers. If it cannot do this, it is valueless to the fancier, no matter how excellent are its other properties. Amusing as this absurdity is, it is not so laughable as the qualities which recommend the English pouter to public favour. This bird, which is a cross between a horseman and a cropper, possesses the remarkable property of blowing out its breast or crop to such an extent that it rises to a level with its beak, and the bird appears to look over the top of an inflated bladder.

Although the reverse of pleasing to the eye, this monstrosity is highly esteemed, and, according to the rules laid down by the fancy, it ought to be large and circular, rising behind the neck, so as to cover and run off at the shoulders. There is a precise point beyond which the pouting must not be carried; for if the inflation goes too far, it upsets the bird, and causes it to tumble backward; and, therefore, to bring the pouting to the utmost pitch to which equilibrium will be preserved, is reckoned a matter of first importance. According to the learned account given by the "Complete Pigeon Fancier," a publication of Cloth Fair, the author of which speaks as one who knows something of the subject—"The crop of the pouter ought

to be filled with wind, so as to show its full extent with ease and freedom; for it is a very great fault when a bird overcharges his crop with wind, and strains himself so much, that he sometimes falls backwards, because he is not able to give a quick vent to the confined air, which makes him disquiet and heavy; and many a fine bird has, by this ill habit, either fallen into the street, down a chimney, or become an easy prey to the cats. The reverse, is being loose-winded, so that he exhibits so small a crop as to appear to as little advantage as an ill-shaped rump. He should draw the shoulders of his wings close to his body, displaying his limbs without straddling, and walk almost upon his toes, without jumping or kicking, as in the manner of the unloper, but moving with an easy majestic air. The pouter that approaches nearest to all these properties, is a very valuable bird; and some fanciers, by a patient perseverance and great expense, have bred these birds so near the standard prescribed, as to sell them for twenty guineas a pair."

TWENTY GUINEAS for a pair of pigeons!—After this, who will say that England is a poor country?

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### INTREPIDITY REWARDED.

We are much gratified to learn that the notice of the intrepid conduct of Alexander M'Intyre, in our article "Oban and its Environs," in the 320th number of the Journal, has been the means of conferring an honorary reward on that meritorious individual. The case will doubtless be in the recollection of most of our readers, but it may here again be slightly alluded to. At a fair which took place in the west Highlands, on the banks of Loch Etive, in the latter part of last year, a boat overloaded with passengers, crossing the loch, was instantly swamped, and all on board (including some cattle) immersed in the water. On the catastrophe being observed from both shores, all was horror and dismay. While others were palsied by the acuteness of their sensations, Alexander M'Intyre dashed into the water, and swam to a boat anchored at a distance; cutting the rope of the anchor with his knife, he immediately pulled the vessel to the scene of the disaster, where the heads of some of the passengers and cattle were occasionally visible. By his activity, on arriving at the spot, he saved five of the human beings from drowning, and also most of the cattle. As already mentioned, the man who had thus behaved with such extraordinary presence of mind, had on former occasions shown similar intrepidity in the cause of humanity, but had uniformly declined to receive any pecuniary recompence.

It must have appeared to our readers, as it did to ourselves, that a person moving in a humble situation of life, and in this manner showing at once so much true courage and delicacy of feeling, eminently deserved some mark of public approbation. Nothing of the kind, however, was given, until the narrative of the transaction which appeared in our pages came under the notice of the Humane Society of Glasgow, the members of which lost no time in bestowing on Alexander M'Intyre a handsome silver medal, in testimony of their admiration of his conduct. As a reward for saving the lives of five human beings, this certainly was not much; but as the gift of a private society, and conveyed in a way the most congenial to the feelings of the receiver, it deserves the warmest thanks. This, it should be told, is by no means a solitary instance of the beneficence of the Humane Society of Glasgow. Since its establishment, it has bestowed rewards in reference to the saving of twelve hundred persons from drowning, the amount being generally proportioned to the difficulty and danger encountered in the rescue. It is pleasing to have to make known, and to endeavour to fix in public esteem, an institution which has shown itself so persevering and beneficent an encourager of humane exertion.

##### AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The following paragraph has been making the round of the newspapers:—"As the gods got nothing but the smoke of their offerings, and the priests the meat, so authors get fame, and the booksellers the profit of their works; the noses of the one are tickled, and the stomachs of the others filled." This is a very pretty conceit, but it is nonsense. It seems to indicate that authors are a class of men so blind to their own interest, that they systematically write in order to feed publishers and booksellers, or are, in other words, a set of poor foolish beings, who cannot manage their own affairs. It is really surprising that newspapers should give currency to such stuff as this. They surely know that there is nothing to hinder authors from publishing their own books, and so getting all the profit to themselves. Why, we ask, do not authors

follow this plan? Why do they go on writing for others, when they can make such a great deal of money by their productions? The truth is, authors are by no means the silly persons they are usually represented to be, at least not in the present day. They are as shrewd and calculating, and as much alive to their own interest, as any class of tradesmen whatever. The time may have been when *fame* was the primary object of pursuit of authors; but that time is completely gone. *Fame* is now altogether a secondary consideration; and *money* is the grand mover of the pen, as it is of most other things.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### WILLIAM HUTTON.

WILLIAM HUTTON, author of the History of Birmingham, and various other works, was the second son of a family of several children, the offspring of William Hutton, a wool-comber, in humble circumstances, in Derby, where the subject of our memoir was born on the 30th of September 1723. He has written, among his other pieces, an account of his family for several generations, from which it appears that the Huttons were all "Dissenters, steady in their love of peace and of pudding; remarkable for memory; not much given to receive, keep, or pay money; often sensible, always modest; the males inactive; the females distinguished for capacity."

These characteristics distinguished the father of young Hutton in their full strength. He was a man of good capacity, but indolent and prone to drinking; whence his family fell into such distress, that the offer made by some relations at Mountsorrel to take home the second son was readily accepted. William was only four years old when he went to reside with his uncle and aunts, but his autobiography shows that even at this age he was quick and observant. For example, going out one day with one of his aunts, he entered a house with her, where he saw several men so noisy, that he could not believe them to be of the family. On walking home, though they had but a very short way to go, his aunt fell about twenty times, and always asked him to look "if any body was coming." Many years passed before he could unravel this mystery. "It was no more (says he) than my aunt entering a public-house, where, in the private room, she got so completely drunk, she could neither stand nor walk." After being about a year with these relations, who were not over kind to him, his mother came and fetched him away to Derby, where his father received him with two words, "So, Bill!" In his seventh year, his days of toil commenced. He was placed at a silk-mill, and being too young and short, they were obliged to set him upon a pair of pattens, to enable him to reach the engine. He was bound for seven years, and the severity of the toil and the treatment, as well as the rude ignorance of all within the walls, induces him to call these mills a "bear-garden." During his servitude, he was on one occasion beat so violently, that a sore formed on his back, and threatened mortification. He lost his mother during this period, which did not improve his father's way of life.

Hutton's apprenticeship ended in 1738, when he was advancing to the age of fourteen. From children only being employed at the silk-mills, it was now necessary to seek other employment, and the boy went to Nottingham to commence *another* seven years' service, as a stocking-maker with his uncle George, a sensible man, but occasionally harsh. It being the custom for apprentices in this trade to get clothes by-over-work, Hutton laboured to accomplish this object, but three years passed away ere he clad himself genteelly. On the week of the Nottingham races, he wrought less one day than usual, and his uncle quarrelled with him for it. "Could you have done the work?" said the uncle. Ever truthfully disposed, William replied in a low and meek voice, "I could." This was followed by a severe beating, which so hurt the feelings of Hutton, then seventeen, that he ran away. He carried his new suit in a bag, and took the direction of Birmingham. By the wayside he parted from his bag for a few moments, and it was stolen. In great distress he reached Birmingham, "little thinking (he says) that nine years after I should become a resident here, and thirty-nine years after should write its history." He sought work in vain, every body declaring him to be a runaway apprentice; and he was compelled, after a week's absence, to return to his uncle, who received him with some degree of kindness.

William's second apprenticeship expired in 1744, and he continued to serve his uncle as a journeyman. In a year after this, he began to pay some attention to music, and, what was more important, to feel an expanding inclination for books, though all the regular instruction he had ever got, consisted in a few months of reading before going to the silk-mills. Another taste also sprang up about this time in his mind. He took a fancy to binding with his own hands the few books which he was able to purchase. He bought a

few old tools from a bookseller, and after several experimental jobs, bound a copy of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, which he showed to the bookseller. The man seemed a little struck and jealous, but seized the occasion to sell to advantage (as he thought) an old binding-press, which had been laid aside for *firewood*. Hutton looked attentively at it, and offered two shillings for it, which were accepted. He then, before the man's eyes, "drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which completely cured the press. This proved for forty-two years my best binding-press." From this remark it will be seen to what trade Hutton turned himself. He was driven to this by the death of his uncle in 1745, and the scarcity of work in the stocking trade. From the oddity of a bookbinder springing from the stocking-frame, and partly to reward the merit he had in teaching himself, many persons gave him volumes to bind, and at length Hutton found that it would be necessary to go to London to buy complete tools. His sister, who staid beside him, and who had parted (for good reasons) from a man to whom she had been united, raised three guineas, and with this sewed into his shirt collar he started for London. He walked fifty-two miles the first day, and spent five pence. The rest of the journey was performed with equal economy, and he bought in the metropolis three alphabets of letters, a set of figures, some tools, leather, and boards. He was nine days away at a cost of about one shilling per day. On reaching Nottingham, it was resolved between him and his staunch counsellor, his sister, that he should open a shop in Southwell, a place at fourteen miles' distance. He intended, however, only to go there on the market-days, which were the Saturdays. Accordingly, he took a shop, put up a few shelves in it, sent a hundred-weight or two of old books, and became in one day "the most eminent (because the only) bookseller in the place." His life during his winter of Southwell shopkeeping is thus described. "I set out at five every Saturday morning, carried a burthen (his tools, &c.) of from three pounds weight to thirty, opened shop at ten, starved all day in it upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and by trudging through the solitary winter night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine; where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister." He may well add, that "nothing short of a surprising resolution and rigid economy could have carried me through this scene."

In the year following this, Hutton went to Birmingham, having long had an idea of settling there. After two visits, he took a small shop—a very small one it must have been—at one shilling a-week, and removed his little stock to it from Nottingham and Southwell. In one year, with his old books, and his binding, he cleared, by the most resolute economy, the sum of twenty pounds. This encouraged him to take a larger shop, of which the rent was eight pounds. Here he continued to prosper, by unremitting prudence and industry, and in five years afterwards (1755), when he had accumulated two hundred pounds, he married the niece of a neighbour, Mr. Grace. The match was one of mutual affection and esteem, and we cannot refrain from giving Hutton's own words about his wife, when she took ill, after a union of forty-one years. "I told her (says he) that she never had approached me without diffusing a ray of pleasure over my mind, except when any little disagreement had happened between us. She replied, 'I can say more than that. You never appeared in my sight, even in anger, without that sight giving me pleasure.' I received the dear remark, as I now write it, with tears."

His wife added one hundred pounds to his store, and her uncle's death, soon afterwards, brought two hundred pounds more. In the year subsequent to his marriage, he was persuaded to buy a quantity of paper, and hung out a sign "the Paper Warehouse." "From this small hint," he remarks, "I followed the stroke forty years, and acquired an ample fortune." But he was not without reverses. In the hope of adding a maker's to a seller's profits, he expended a large sum in building a paper-mill. After several years of toil and loss, he sold the erection for eighty guineas, and, on making a calculation, saw that he had lost little less than a thousand pounds—in which sum, however, he includes a great part for lost time. This loss harassed him, but he turned actively to his old trade, and, to use his own expression, "struck the nail that would drive." For many years after this period, he continued to pursue his business closely, his wife in the mean time bringing him a number of children, some of whom survived, while others died. Hutton was made overseer, commissioner of the Court of Requests, and filled various other civic offices with credit. He was seized, unluckily, about the year 1766, with a passion for purchasing and farming land, which continued to possess him for about fourteen years, and drained his trade stock sadly, besides leading him into borrowing and mortgaging. But though he certainly lost money by this sort of work, he continued a flourishing man. He also had to build a new house (his own being pulled down for public purposes), and this taught him two facts worthy of quoting—"Mortar is apt to corrode the pocket," and, "It is amazing what a rapid progress may be made in any undertaking, when the proprietor conducts the work like a master, and labours like a servant." In 1780, he found himself "distressed in the midst of plenty" by his land

matters, and resolved again to make business his sole care. His determination was kept, and his efforts proved successful.

In the same year he composed and published his History of Birmingham, the first work which came from his pen, with the exception of a few verses. The work was considered an excellent topographical production, and its value, in an antiquarian light, was testified by the F. A. S. S. which the antiquaries of Edinburgh authorised him to put to his name. Before the year 1791, he had published several minor works, called the *Journey to London*, *History of the Court of Requests*, *History of the Town of Blackpool*, *History of the Hundred Court*, and a *Description of the Battle of Bosworth Field*; all useful local works, and productive of considerable reputation and some emolument. Before the year 1791, which we mention as being an era in his life, he had also made his fortune so handsome, chiefly by his industrious pursuit of the paper trade, as to be able to keep a carriage for the benefit of his beloved wife's health, which had for several years suffered grievously from asthma.

On the 14th of July 1791, certain of the dissenters of Birmingham and others, admirers of the principles which led to the revolution in France, met to celebrate by a dinner the anniversary of that event. This was, doubtless, the proximate cause of the excitement which took place among the lower classes of the town; but party spirit had long rankled in the place, being fostered and kept awake by the controversies that took place between the dissenters, with Dr Priestley at their head, and the churchmen. The mob rose, and it is certain that they were at first encouraged to mischief by influential people, who told them that to injure the dissenters, was to support the church and state. This stimulus was scarcely required; the mob proceeded to extremities, and for three days and three nights they plundered and destroyed the houses of all obnoxious to them. Hutton was not at the dinner, nor was he in Birmingham when the riots began. But he was an obnoxious person, from being a dissenter and of liberal principles, as well as from having with strict justice fulfilled the civic offices to which he had been appointed. His houses and property in Birmingham, including his large paper stock, &c., as well as his country house at Bennet's Hill, were pillaged and burnt to the ground. He was obliged to fly with his daughter and his dying wife, and could only return with safety, when the troops, which were not sent for in time, came and closed the disturbances. Hutton then settled with his family in a small temporary cottage at Bennet's Hill, until his own house was repaired. When compensation was made by the public to the sufferers, he received £5390, 17s., though his real loss was above £8000.

William Hutton had still a handsome fortune; and being now sixty-eight years of age, he gave up his trade to his son, and resolved to retire into the bosom of his family. He had written his *History of Derby* shortly before the riots, and he now devoted a considerable part of his leisure time to poetry, various specimens of which were published. In 1796, his wife died, and five years after that event he thus describes his life: "I rise at six in the summer, and seven in winter; march to Birmingham, a distance of two miles, where my son receives me with open arms. I return at five in one season, and four in the other, when my daughter receives me with a smile. I then amuse myself with reading, conversation, or study, without any pressure upon the mind, except the melancholy remembrance of her I loved." A fuller tribute to his daughter is contained in the following lines upon the same subject—his occupations at eighty—and we also present them, to give the reader a specimen of his poetry.

But what that pleasure can surpass,  
When my girl sees me through the glass,  
Rises to meet me, whilst her joy  
Takes full possession of her eye?  
Whatever comfort age can find,  
Lies in the storehouse of her mind.  
Now garden, converse, book, and pen,  
Tea, supper, music, please till ten;  
When the bell rings to "bring a light,"  
I rise and burrow for the night.  
Of blessings can I wish for more?  
They amply satisfy foursore;  
And I enjoy, others partaking,  
A little heav'n of my own making.

Having made an excursion to the north with the dear daughter here mentioned, Mr Hutton wrote and published a *History of the Roman Wall*, and afterwards Tours to Scarborough and Coatham, derived from personal observation. His poems were also collected and published. In his *Diary*, written in 1806, when eighty-three, he has this entry: "I walked (April 4th) from Beilston in Leicestershire to Atherton, thirty-two miles, which I accomplished with tolerable ease." By degrees, however, as he approached his ninetieth year, his strength decayed, and at last he was incapable of continuing his autobiographical diary. But he had the happiness of being honoured and esteemed by all in his latter days, as a man who had risen from nothing to eminence and fortune, through his own exertions. His daughter, Catharine, a woman of remarkable talents and merit, writes the concluding part of his life. He suffered much in his latter days from a pulmonary affection, and some of his last words to his daughter were, "I was thinking a few days ago what faults thou hadst." "Pray, father," said Catharine, "do not think too much on that subject." The old man heeded her not, but continued in a solemn manner, "To my

great satisfaction I could find none." On the morning of September 20, 1815, at the age of ninety-two, William Hutton died.

In addition to the works named in the course of this sketch, Hutton gave to the world *Remarks upon North Wales*, *The Barbers* (a Poem), *Edgar and Elfrida* (a Poem), and Poems, chiefly Tales, at various periods. In person he was five feet six inches in height, well made, strong, and active, and his countenance at his death showed not one wrinkle. He left only one son and one daughter, the latter of whom inherited his literary tastes. She was the author, among other pieces, of a novel called *The Miser Married*, and she concluded her father's autobiography. She sums up his character in these words, which may aptly close this memoir: "My father was an uncommon instance of resolution and perseverance, and an example of what these can perform."

#### PERSONAL NARRATIVE, RELATING TO THE FALL OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

In August 1827, the foundation of a new theatre, to which the name of the New Brunswick Theatre was given, was laid on the site of one burnt down during the previous year, and long known, from its locality, by the name of the Goodman's-Fields Theatre. The New Brunswick Theatre, though constructed on such a scale as to hold two thousand persons, was finished and thrown open to the public in the space of seven months; a rapidity of execution almost unexampled, and to which, unquestionably, much of the subsequent mischief is to be attributed. The building was extremely elegant in appearance, had a wrought-iron roof, was fire-proof in the principal parts, and, as a whole, in short, seemed to combine the qualities, at least, of beauty and convenience. The theatre cost £25,000.

Fortunately, ere the public had been exposed to danger from attendance on the theatre above two or three days, a lamentable proof was given of the unfitness of the building for their reception. On the 26th of February 1828, the people in its vicinity were alarmed by a dreadful crash, which proved to have been occasioned by the falling in of the roof of the theatre. As it was known that many of the persons connected with the establishment were within its walls at the moment, the greatest alarm was excited for their safety. It turned out that a rehearsal was going on at the period, at which, besides the performers, a number of spectators were present. A body of the workmen were also in the house. The accident, which was owing to a greater weight being suspended from the roof than the walls could bear, was fatal to upwards of twelve of the parties, while all except one of those saved, were more or less severely injured. Amongst the individuals taken out of the ruins in life, was a young man named John Williams, who wrote the following narrative of the disastrous event, which was published in the *Weekly Review*, a London newspaper:

"In the beginning of last autumn I was sent to London on some matters of business by my father, Mr. Williams, the building-surveyor of Chester, who is also known to the literary world by his 'Remarks' on some of the architectural antiquities of that city. I carried letters of introduction to Mr. Nash, to Mr. Rickman, of the House of Commons, and to another member of parliament, whose name I do not wish to mention. The last gentleman invited me to his house, overwhelmed me with professions of esteem, and quite turned my head with his offers of services. When the business which had called me to town was finished, I wrote to my father of the new prospects that had been opened to me, and, in contempt of his advice and injunctions, determined on remaining in London, to follow out a career so much better adapted to my talents, than that of a provincial builder. An open quarrel with my family was the consequence; but I took no trouble to appease their anger, being convinced that a very short time would prove the wisdom of my conduct, and enable me to demand rather than solicit forgiveness.

Two months passed away in expectation; my money was spent, and the people at my lodgings began to abate in their civility, when I thought it necessary to bring my patron to the point. I called at his house for that purpose, and found him just stepping into a post-chaise. He seemed as glad to see me as ever, but, of course, had little time for conversation. When he had fairly seated himself in the vehicle, and, in my despair, I had ventured to ask how long he meant to be absent from town, shaking me cordially by the hand, he informed me that if there was a call of the house, he might be obliged to return in the course of the session, but that, at all events, he would have the pleasure of seeing me this time next year. I do not remember the carriage driving off; but the passers-by stopping to look at me, as I stood like a statue on the

flags, recalled me to myself, and I went home to my lodgings.

I was too timid, or too obstinate, to write to my father. I preferred lowering my expectations, and applying for a clerkship in a builder's office, and was promised the influence of several persons of respectability in order to obtain it. In the mean time, by the advice of an acquaintance, I was induced to apply to the pawnbroker for a temporary pecuniary relief; but this did not enable me to discharge the rent of my lodgings. The civility of my landlady was changed to coldness, and her coldness, by a natural transition, to heat. The persecution I underwent at home made me take refuge in public-houses, where I fell in with companions as desperate as myself, but apparently more happy. I at length left my lodgings secretly, with the remains of my wardrobe under my arm. I engaged a bed by the night at what is called a theatrical house, but one of the lowest of the sort, where I first acquired a taste—or rather a passion—for stage-amusements, and became acquainted, by the introduction of my brother, with a young actress, whose name, whether she is dead or alive, will not be benefited by an association with mine. My appearance at this time, with regard to dress, was respectable, and my manners probably intimated an acquaintance with better society than that enjoyed by my companions. The reception I met with from the lady was favourable; and, young, beautiful, amiable, and, I am convinced, innocent, she made an impression on my heart, which is the only part of my London history I am not ashamed of acknowledging.

I debated with myself whether, on finding a situation, I should not remove her from mode of life at least dangerous, if not disgraceful, by making her my wife, or, by attaching myself to her profession, serve as a protector from its danger, and derive from it the means of our mutual subsistence. My debate, however, was speedily cut short; no situation turned up; I was pursued by means of summonses for several small debts; my landlord refused me even a night's lodging without the money in advance, and I was compelled to make my retreat to another quarter of the town. It would be disgusting to pursue, step by step, the path of my decline, which was now fearfully precipitous. From the parlour I sank to the tap-room—from the society of masters to that of journeymen—from the shabby sartout to the tattered jacket. My place of refuge was in Barlow Court, a narrow lane in the neighbourhood of Wells Street; and having some slight knowledge of the upholstery and cabinet-making business, I received employment accidentally in fitting up the Brunswick Theatre.

My earnings were very small, but I contrived to cheat my hunger out of sufficient to enable me to drown, almost every night, in intoxication, the sense of my degradation and my despair.

The theatre was at length opened, although the internal work was not all finished. I was in attendance at the fatal rehearsal of the 26th of February, in the course of my duty. As I was passing across the stage, I was arrested by the voice of a new actress—a voice that had lingered in my ear in spite of every thing. The earnestness of my gaze was observed by one of my fellow-workmen, who informed me that the lady whom I seemed to admire so much was Mrs ——. Mrs ——! She was married! I forgot at the moment my situation, my dress, the proprieties of time and place, and I rushed forward to demand from her own lips a confirmation or a denial of the truth of what I had heard. That motion saved my life. There was heard at the instant a sound which I cannot describe by crash, or roar, or any other imitative word in the language; it was not loud, nor shrill, nor hollow: perhaps its associations in my memory with what followed may have fixed its peculiar character in my mind—but I can only describe it to the imagination by likening it to one's conception of the harsh, grating, sullen, yet abrupt noise of the grave-stone, when it shall be suddenly raised from its sandy, clammy bed, at the sounding of the last trumpet. One of the actors rushed across the stage, and darted out by the side-door. Of the rest, those who were speaking stopped in the middle of a word; the hand raised in mimic passion was not dropped; the moving crowd of human beings stood still, as if by one impulse; there was a pause of two or three seconds. Some, whose mind was more present, raised their eyes to the roof; but the rest were motionless, even in the vagrant organs of vision, and stood mute and still like a gallery of statues. I cannot even attempt to describe the sound which awoke the scene from this appearance of death, only to give it the reality. I would liken it to thunder, if you could mingle the idea of the explosion with that of its effects—or to the rush of a mighty torrent, if you could fancy amalgamated, as it were, in its roar, the typical voices of pain, and horror, and confusion, and struggling, and death. I staggered back, and nearly fell into an abyss that was cloven into the floor by a fragment of the iron roof on the very spot where I had stood but a moment before. While rushing up the side of the newly formed precipice to regain my footing, by the single terrified glance I had time and light to cast behind, I saw that the iron and wood were wet with blood and brains, and the other horrible mysteries of man's inner body, and that the 'living soul' I had just talked of was not to be recognised by the sight as having ever borne the external characteristics of a human being.

The light was suddenly shut out—and yet so slowly

as to inflict upon my sight that which will ever stand between it and the sun. Fragment after fragment rushed furiously from the roof, but yet so thickly intermingled, that I cannot at this moment say whether or not the mass of roof was disunited at all in its descent. Then the bursting of the walls—the grating of the stones and bricks as they were ground into powder—the rending of the planks and wooden partitions—the hissing sound of the lamp and brass-work—the damp crush of human bodies—and the yells of mortal agony from a hundred hearts, which seemed wilder and stronger even than the inanimate sounds that had called them into being—to choke, conquer, and silence them for ever.

All was dark. A weight was upon my shoulders which an Atlas could not have moved; my left leg was fixed between two planks, and, as I discovered by feeling with my hand before the pain announced it, it was broken and distorted; the side outline of the narrow chamber in which I sat would have nearly described a right-angled triangle, the hypotenuse leaning on my back; above, I could extend my hand to its full length without obstacle, but the aperture could not have admitted any thing thicker than the arm; before me was a wall apparently of solid iron, and below, and at the sides, the surface, consisting of iron, brick, stones, and wood, was broken into narrow interstices.

When the united sounds I have described had subsided into a distant hum, a single voice rose upon my ear: it was the voice of the lady mentioned above; it was one wild, shrill, unbroken scream. I do not know how long it lasted; I do not even know whether it was a human voice at all; it did not stop for breath; its way was not impeded, like that of the rest, by the intervention of the ruins; minute after minute it continued, and every minute it became wilder and shriller, piercing like an arrow through my head and heart, till my tortured senses found temporary relief in insensibility.

My fainting fit probably lasted a considerable time; for, when I recovered, it was long before I could understand my situation, or recall any thing that had happened to my memory. At length, piece by piece, the truth came before me, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling down my brow. The voice I had heard existed probably only in imagination, for it was now silent. A low deep sound was humming in my ears, which I could at length distinguish to be the simultaneous groans of human beings, separated from me either by distance or some thick and deadening barrier. My ear endeavoured in vain to divide it into its component parts, and to recognise the voices of those I knew; and there was something more horrible in this vague mysterious monotony than if it had been distinctly fraught with the dying accents of the one I loved best on earth. I felt as if my lot must be bitterer than that of the rest. I was alone—I was cut off even from communion of suffering: while they, I imagined, were together, and in the sound of one another's voices, and the touch, even, of one another's clothes, received some relief from the idea of total abandonment, of agony unimagined and unshared.

My senses, I believe, began to totter, for I complained aloud of my lonely fate: I knew that I was behaving absurdly, but I could not help it; I beat the iron walls of my dungeon with my clenched hands till they were wet with blood, and shrieked aloud with a voice rendered terrific by the fury of despair. The voices of the rest appeared to be startled into silence at the sound—or perhaps it fell upon their ears like a cry of comfort and hope, an answer to their groans from the surface of the earth. After a pause, I heard another dull, heavy sound, like that produced by a muffled drum; it was in reality a drum, and probably beat by one of the band, as a more powerful means of awakening attention than his own voice. The sound, in such circumstances, was inexpressibly awful; and when the hand that smote the instrument in so unaccustomed a scene wandered by habit into a regular tune, my sensations were exaggerated into a species of horror which I can liken only to that which might be supposed to visit a religious mind on witnessing some shocking act of impiety.

It may seem a species of insanity to mention it; but when the roll of the drum, and the sound of human voices, had ceased, and after I had been left for a considerable time, as it were, to myself, even in these circumstances of terror, and loneliness, and mystery, I possessed a species of knowledge, which the denizens of the surface would have deemed equally useless and unattainable to those underground: I knew the hour of the night. Like the idiot who mimicked, at the proper intervals, the audible measurement of time, after the clock was removed which had taught him the practice, my inclination for drinking, which had been converted by habit into an almost unconquerable passion, returned at the accustomed time of its gratification. In spite of surrounding circumstances, I fancied myself in the midst of my dissolute companions, in the scene of our coarse and vulgar revels. I afterwards sank by degrees into a sort of stupor, from which I was awakened by the light of heaven streaming full in my face, through an aperture made in the ruins by my deliverer. The apparent apathy, or, as some term it, philosophy, which I displayed, has been attributed to wrong causes. The truth is, that although at first my body was awake, my mind was almost wholly insensible; it recovered its consciousness by very slow degrees, and it was not until I was left

alone at night, that I became completely sensible of my deliverance."

[It may be gratifying to our readers to be informed that the young man, who was thus saved from the ruins of the theatre, afterwards recovered from the injuries he had sustained. His most constant attendant during his confinement in the hospital was the young female whom he alludes to in his narrative, who had been dug out of the ruins almost unhurt, and who had not been married, as he had been led to suppose at the time that the accident happened.]

#### THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.

In the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the queen's intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called king by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitors had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say *thy* majesty, or *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostess nor domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unboundingly accosted the lord in waiting with "What's thy will, friend?" This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady, but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*; wall in." The queen and princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsey, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's *thine* do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter; I wish thee well! Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds." What could be said to such a person? Some concessions were attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there; the Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like to thee, friend Charlotte: moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through her—(she alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guest through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in her hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease." Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the princess, with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favour."

[We copy the above from a manuscript Scrap-Book, lately put into our hands. We believe the story to be true in every particular, and it affords us one of the finest instances of a placid disposition, unmoved by external circumstances, ever given to the world.]

#### THE AUSTRIAN COLONEL.

As the diligence which daily sets out from Vienna for Hungary stopped to breakfast at one of the villages, a colonel of the Hungarian Guard, who happened to ride into the inn-yard, was struck by the attraction of a young and respectable female who had just alighted from the carriage. He came into the breakfast-room, and exhibited the peculiarly aristocratic air of that of peculiarly aristocratic corps, paid the young lady marked attention, and annoyed her and a female friend who travelled with her in no ordinary degree. At length the carriage set out again, and the lady hoped that she was free from her sudden and very troublesome admirer. She was mistaken. In a few minutes the colonel was seen in full gallop after the diligence, which, of course, he soon overtook. Riding up to the window, he again addressed the lady, told her that he had delayed merely for the purpose of mounting a fresh horse, and that he intended to follow and ascertain where she resided. This impertinence greatly chagrined her, but there was no remedy, and she sat in silence. The colonel, however, persisted, and attempted to hold a conversation with her, which the liveliness of his charger, a handsome Styrian horse, made every moment a more difficult affair. At length, the horse and the rider being equally obstinate, the matter came to a quarrel, and the gallant colonel narrowly escaped being dismounted. Still persisting in keeping his place at the window, a passenger in the coach, a remarkably simple-looking and silent person, observed, that if

M. le Colonel wished to come into the coach, he would give up his seat to him, and ride the horse for a while. The colonel was delighted at the proposal, and the seats were instantly exchanged; the gallant hussar recommending it to the traveller to ride carefully, as his horse was remarkably high-spirited; the traveller shrunk at the news, but the colonel was already in the diligence, and he had obviously no alternative. The diligence now rolled on, the traveller rode timidly after it; but the charger seemed to have him entirely at his mercy, for he galloped sometimes past the carriage and sometimes back again, the rider in such a state of alarm as attracted all eyes, and greatly amused the gallant colonel. At length the road emerged into one of the vast heaths which are kept open for the Austrian cavalry manoeuvres. Here the charger appeared to know his own ground, for, after a few snortings and boundings beside the diligence, he was seen suddenly to turn, and shoot away at full speed far across the plain, and in a different direction from the road. The colonel and the passengers continued to gaze, and expected to see the unlucky rider unhorsed by this furious speed. Quite the contrary; the rider kept his seat; nay, evidently had a thorough command of the horse, and on reaching an eminence half a league off, was seen to pull up, take off his cap, wave it, and, making a low bow to the diligence, dash down the opposite side of the hill. The conclusion was now plain; the gallant colonel had entrusted his valuable charger to some of the gypsy horse-dealers who rove through Austria, and traffic and steal horses throughout all Germany. The colonel was outrageous; his talent for conversation was now turned into wrath at his own folly, and promises to have the gypsy hanged, drawn, and quartered, when he could catch him. The diligence now stopped to change horses. At the inn a note was found, addressed to him, mentioning that his charger was found to be an excellent galloper; that it was in excellent hands; that its present possessor had long wanted a horse of this style for his personal use; and that, if the gallant colonel had any more of the same kind in his possession, they were worth taking better care of. The note was signed Herman Sermansky. The signature was that of one of the most famous heads of banditti, which extended its ravages from the Ukraine to Buda. The colonel's taste for conversation was wholly quieted by this billet-doux; he mounted one of the tired horses of the diligence, and slowly returned to his quarters, to meditate on the folly of falling in love at first sight, and trusting, on too hasty an acquaintance, a simple gentleman who offered to take trouble off his hands.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### THE CHOLERA AT MARSEILLES.

IMAGINE A space of ground, somewhat exceeding six acres, devoted to the victims of one deadly malady. At first each body was committed singly to the grave: it had its own little spot of earth—its own distinguishing cross—its own garland of *immortelles*. Affection and regard had yet a resting-place for the imagination—the tears of tenderness could be wept upon the tomb of the beloved and lost. But this "luxury of woe" endured not long; the number of victims increased, not only daily, but hourly—the city streets became one vast funeral procession—the population which had thronged the walks now crowded the burial-place—and, too frequently, they who dug the graves died as they hollowed them, and shared them with their employers. Others, as they plied their frightful task, recognised among the victims some friend, or relative, or parent; and, with the partial insanity of despair, sickening at the sight of their own hurried and imperfect work, sought to violate the prouder tomb around them, in order to deposit within their recesses the remains of those who had been dear to them! Then came the second and still more revolting stage of the hallucination of misery. It was on one of the most fatal days of the disease—a bright sunshiny morning of July, when sea and sky were blue and beautiful, and Nature, prank'd out in her garb of loveliness, seemed to mock at human suffering, that suddenly, as the city groaned with victims, those who had hitherto laden the death carts, and carried them forth to burial, withdrew despairingly from the task, and literally left the dead to bury their dead. For a brief interval the panic was frightful: the scorching heat of the unclouded sun—the rapid effects of the disease upon the bodies—the difficulty of procuring substitutes for the revolting duty—all conspired to excite the most intense alarm, lest the effluvia of putrefaction should be superadded to the miasma which was already feeding the malady. In this extremity the mayor of the town addressed himself to three young men, of whose courage and resolution he had a high opinion, and who instantly consented to devote themselves to the preservation of their fellow-citizens. The sexton, measuring and hollowing out his narrow space of earth, was replaced by workmen flinging up the soil from deep trenches, extending some hundred feet in length; while the courageous trio, who had undertaken to transport the bodies, speedily filled up the common grave which was thus prepared for them. The same prayer was murmured over a score: the tinkling of the same little bell marked the service performed for a hundred, whose sealed ears heard not the sound; and for a while the work went on in silence. But that silence was at length rudely and strangely broken. Human nature, wrought up to its last point of endurance, acknowledged no authority—spurned at all duty—and the tools of the workmen were cast down as they sprang out of the trenches, and refused to pursue the task. It must have been a frightful scene, and one never to be forgotten, when the gleaming of bayonets was apparent within the walls of the grave-yard, and the troops stood silently along the edge of the trenches, partially heaped with dead; compelling, by the mute eloquence of their arms, the labours of the living! And this in a burial-place! where all should be still, and solemn, and sacred. The compulsory work was completed, and I stood yesterday upon this spot of frightful memories, beside the long, deep, common graves of upwards of four thousand of the plague-smitten. The sun was shining upon them—*insects* were hummung about them—on those which

had been first filled up, the rapid vegetation of this fine climate had already shed a faint tinge of verdure; above them spread a sky of the brightest blue without a cloud: on one side the eye rested on the distant city, and the ear caught the busy hum of its streets; on the other, swelling hills and rich vineyards stretched far into the distance; but they lay there, long, and silent, and saddening—the mute records of a visitation which has steeped the city in tears of blood.—*Miss Pardoe.*

## SPLENDID FETE AT BALLYGROOGAGH.

BALLYGROOGAGH-HOUSE, the hospitable mansion of Timothy O'Mullaghan, was last month (November 1817) graced with the most elegant festivities, on the happy return of their eldest son from the north of Europe, where he had been *isognathis* in the humble guise of cook to a whaler.

The principal entrance to the house was most handsomely decorated for the occasion; on one side was seen a heap of manure, shaped like an ancient tumulus, and tastefully ornamented with hanging straws, &c.; on the other side appeared a stagnant pool, whose smooth surface was gently moved by a duck and drake, which muddled through it with uncommon vivacity and spirit; in perspective was seen a venerable turf-kish, around which a pair of trousers being carelessly thrown, gave a light and graceful finish to the whole scene.

About two o'clock, the approach of company was proclaimed by the distant clatter of wheel-cars; this deep sound, mingled with the fiercer tones of cur-dogs barking, whipped children crying, &c., produced a full and mellow volume of the most delightful harmony. The first arrival was that of the dowager Mrs Fluggins, an eminent *accouchée*; she was soon followed by the rest of the expected company, who speedily repaired to a grand rustic saloon, the walls of which were painted *à la soot-drop*.

Here a rich and finely-flavoured beverage was handed round in noble wooden vases, which the charming hostess, with bewitching simplicity, denominated *broth* in *neggins*. Dinner was shortly afterwards served up; a *plateau* was dispensed with, but its place was mostly supplied by a fine skat, cooked up in the Turkish fashion, with all its tails; near it a quarter of delicate veal, which had breathed its last sigh after an existence of five hours. On the central dish was placed a male bird, which, during a life of nine years, had increased to such a size as to excite the admiration of the whole company. There were many more rarities, such as are seldom to be met with at the most sumptuous tables.

After dinner, some original sentiments and well-selected songs were given, a few of which are the following:—

Mr O'Mullaghan—"A speedy rise to the price of pigs."  
Song—"The night that I put the pig under the pot."  
Mr O'Loughlin—"A merry go round to the foot organ."  
Song—"The weary pound of tow."  
Mr M'Dade—"The weaver's harpsichord."  
Song—"A weaver boy shall be my dear."

When the pleasures of the festive board were concluded, preparations were made for dancing. The orchestra, an unique of the most simple beauty, was an inverted crook, on which a single minstrel sat, the interest of whose appearance was much heightened by the loss of his left eye. Mr Patrick O'Mullaghan, disliking the monotony of the waltz, and the vagaries of a quadrille, opened the ball by dancing a jig with Miss Judy Higgins: they were soon followed by Master Charley M'Dade, who floated into a reel with Miss Nancy Fluggins. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and the elegant revellers parted with mutual regret. We subjoin a description of some of the most admired dresses worn on the occasion, which, from their striking costume, will doubtless be the standard for fashionable imitation.

## LADIES' DRESSES.

Mrs O'Mullaghan—A loose bedgown robe of linsy-woolsey, petticoat to match, two-and-sixpenny shawl thrown with graceful negligence over the shoulders; pin-cushion and scissors suspended from the right side by red tape. Head-dress, dowl and skull-cap.

Miss O'Mullaghan—Round gown of striped calico, habit-shirt embroidered *en gobbe stich*. Head-dress, bantlettes of scarlet sixpenny ribbon.

Miss Nancy O'Mullaghan—A superb old cotton gown, dyed blue for the occasion. Head-dress, crooked horn comb and splendid brass bodkin.

Dowager Mrs Fluggins—Body and train of snuff-coloured stuff, petticoat of deep crimson: the brilliancy of this truly beautiful dress was increased by a pair of large tichen pockets, worn outside of the petticoat. Head-dress, a most valuable antique straw bonnet.

Miss Fluggins—A light drapery of plain yellow linen over a sprigged cotton gown, petticoat gracefully sprinkled with pure-coloured spots. Head-dress, large velvetene band, with a mother-of-pearl button in front; black worsted stockings, *à la Carréboe*.

## GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Mr O'Mullaghan—A wallcoat of white druggit, deep-blue inexpressibles—wig unpowdered.

Mr Patrick O'Mullaghan—Jacket and trousers of blue frieze—cravat, a blue and white handkerchief.

Mr Gully—A brown jacket, handsomely patched at the elbows with grey cloth—waist chequer. This gentleman's declining to wear shoes gave a peculiarly cool and easy freedom to his fine figure.—*Belfast Commercial Chronicle.*

\* A spinning-wheel.

† A loom.

## MEN ESTIMATED BY WEIGHT.

Some time ago, a member of the tonsorial fraternity in Belfast, "for the purpose of accommodating his customers only," placed in his "cutting-room" a "London weighing machine." A rival establishment, not to be outdone, speedily announced that it was not only in possession of the same appendage, but also a standard for measuring the height. What either had to do with hair-dressing, or wig-making, we profess ourselves unable to comprehend.

hend; but the latter perruquier turned it to ingenious account by announcing, "as a proof of the decided preference given to his hair-cutting rooms, he found, on reference to the schedule of his patent London weighing machine, that the united weight of his customers, in one month, amounted to *one hundred tons*, comprehending a much superior weight of respectability and public worth." We have always maintained that bulky heavy men—"men with a presence"—are more esteemed and bowed to than small or lean men, and this seems an amusing exemplification of the fact.

## S O N G.

Thou sayest it is beautiful,  
    You solitary flower,  
    Fair summer's latest coronet,  
    Still blooming by thy bower;  
In whose unsullied aspect still  
    Soft mingling hues combine—  
    But there lies all the loveliness,  
    Within that heart of thine!  
Thou sayest there is sweetness now,  
    Upon the summer air,  
    While evening's dewy twilight scene  
    Is beautiful and fair;  
And rays more pure than noontide beams—  
    O'er all earth's wonders shine—  
    That sweetness and that radiance lie  
    Within that heart of thine!  
And when a lovely melody,  
    All beautiful and wild,  
    Is wafted o'er the moonlit deep,  
    Thou weepest like a child;  
And tears within the festive hall  
    Those dark eyes oft enshrine—  
    A deep, deep well of feeling lies  
    Within that heart of thine!

J. S.

## THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

The doing of men—sometimes foolish, and sometimes directed to wrong ends—show, upon the whole, a degree of *smeidken*, if we may so speak—of intellect—of wisdom, if you will, that entitles them to our respect. In short, we think there is a great deal more of what we call *philosophy* among men—more of that common sense which is the *true philosophy*—than they themselves seem to be aware of. When, for example, any one of us has been brought to perform some trifling operation pretty dexterously, the interest fool among us is ready to say, in the language of our proverb, "Practice makes perfect." Now, this saying, vulgar as it may be thought, and as it really is, contains all that Mr Dugald Stewart or any other philosopher has been able to unravel on the subject of *habit*. It is an admitted fact, in the history of the mind, that exercise, or a continuous habit in the performance of any thing, mental or mechanical, conduces to readiness and ease in execution. How or why this should be, the wisest of men have hitherto been unable to explain. Here, then, the *sugars* are on a level with *philosophers*.

Many such specimens of "the wisdom of the world" might be produced—specimens of that wisdom which is the product of the "masses" and the evidence of their intellectuality—and where shall we turn to find such unequivocal proofs as to a "Collection of Scots Proverbs." These proverbs constitute the accumulated wisdom of many years, and though proceeding from the lower orders, as they necessarily do, who does not see that they possess, as Allan Ramsay has said they do, "meaning, moral use, pith, and beauty?" There is no maxim of commercial prudence, and no precept of morality, which you will not find illustrated or enforced in some Scots proverb. For example, it has been often said that human happiness depends much more on the state and constitution of the mind than on any external circumstances. This has led Milton to say, with great propriety and truth, that

"The mind is its own place, and in itself  
    Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

But who does not see in the homely proverb of Scotland more *pith* than in the lofty diction of the Bard of Paradise—

"A man's weel or was  
    As he thinks himself's ae."

Early prodigies in understanding have, in our days, become justly unpopular. The bad consequences resulting from an early cultivation of the mental powers have not escaped the notice of observing men in former days. Oliver Goldsmith says, "We have known a boy of five years of age surprise every body by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford. By the age of ten, his genius was at the acme; yet, after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music—at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary *fiddler*." And Dr Amarash Brigham has written a whole treatise to warn parents, guardians, and tutors, from stultifying the intellects of children committed to their care, by too early training; and he has clearly shown that early geniuses, if they outlive their childhood, never fail to show themselves ciphers in the world. But if we should only retire to some Scottish fireside, we might, peradventure, hear all this fine philosophy reduced by some good dame to a few homely words which express it all—

"A man at five's a fool at fifteen."

Dr Andrew Combe and others are doing much to instruct the present generation in the important duties of personal cleanliness, and to enforce the necessity of bodily exercise, in order to preserve a healthy constitution. The proverb expresses a good deal of what they would be at—

"Better wear shoon than wear sheets."

Once more, who does not know, in the circle of his acquaintances (although they should be few) some ignorant self-conceited individual, who sits judge on every subject,

and decides on things of which he is entirely ignorant? With a view to such, we would say, in the language of the proverb—

"Blind men shou'd be judges o' colours."

One more proverb, and we will have done. The spirit of forbearance, and the possession of a knowledge of human feelings, and their bearing on actions, was never better displayed than in the proverb which runs thus—

"Better flatter a fool than fight w' him."

We have always been convinced that the very lowest portions of the human race are possessed of ample mental endowments, which only require cultivation to shine forth in all the excellency which the minds of more favoured individuals display. How much this has been proved by the events of the last twenty years in our own country, we need not stop to mention. Mechanics' institutions, parish libraries, and empty public-houses, speak volumes for themselves. This conviction, forced upon us by an impartial view of our fellow-men, should incite us all to endeavour, by every means, to elevate and refine the feelings of those whom we see capable of happiness—happiness which can only be the result of a cultivated understanding and a purified heart.—*From the Buchan Clown, a small provincial periodical.*

## AN ELECTRICAL LADY.

A respectable physician, in the last number of Silliman's Journal, gives the following curious account of an Electrical Lady. He states, that on the evening of January 28th, during a somewhat extraordinary display of the northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity, as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch the stove nor any metallic utensil, without first giving off an electrical spark, with the consequent twinge. The state most favourable to this phenomenon, was an atmosphere of about eighty Fahrenheit, moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the stove, reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or more a minute; and under the most favourable circumstances, a spark that could be seen, heard, or felt, passed every second! She could charge others in the same way, when insulated, who could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woolen, without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about thirty—of sedentary pursuits, and a delicate state of health, having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms.

## THE LLAMA.

The current number of the Foreign Quarterly Review puts its seal to the following affecting particulars respecting the llama, which it describes as authentic:—"The llama is the only animal associated with man, and undivided by the contact. The llama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian, becoming uneasy, towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hands coaxingly towards the llamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time in the softest tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-i-c-i-c-i*. If the llamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humour, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be, in fact; for the llama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain either by force or threats what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and, without attempting to escape ill treatment by flight (the llama is never tied or fettered), he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast; and in half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians, amounts absolutely to superstition reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone, possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the llama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtaken."

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